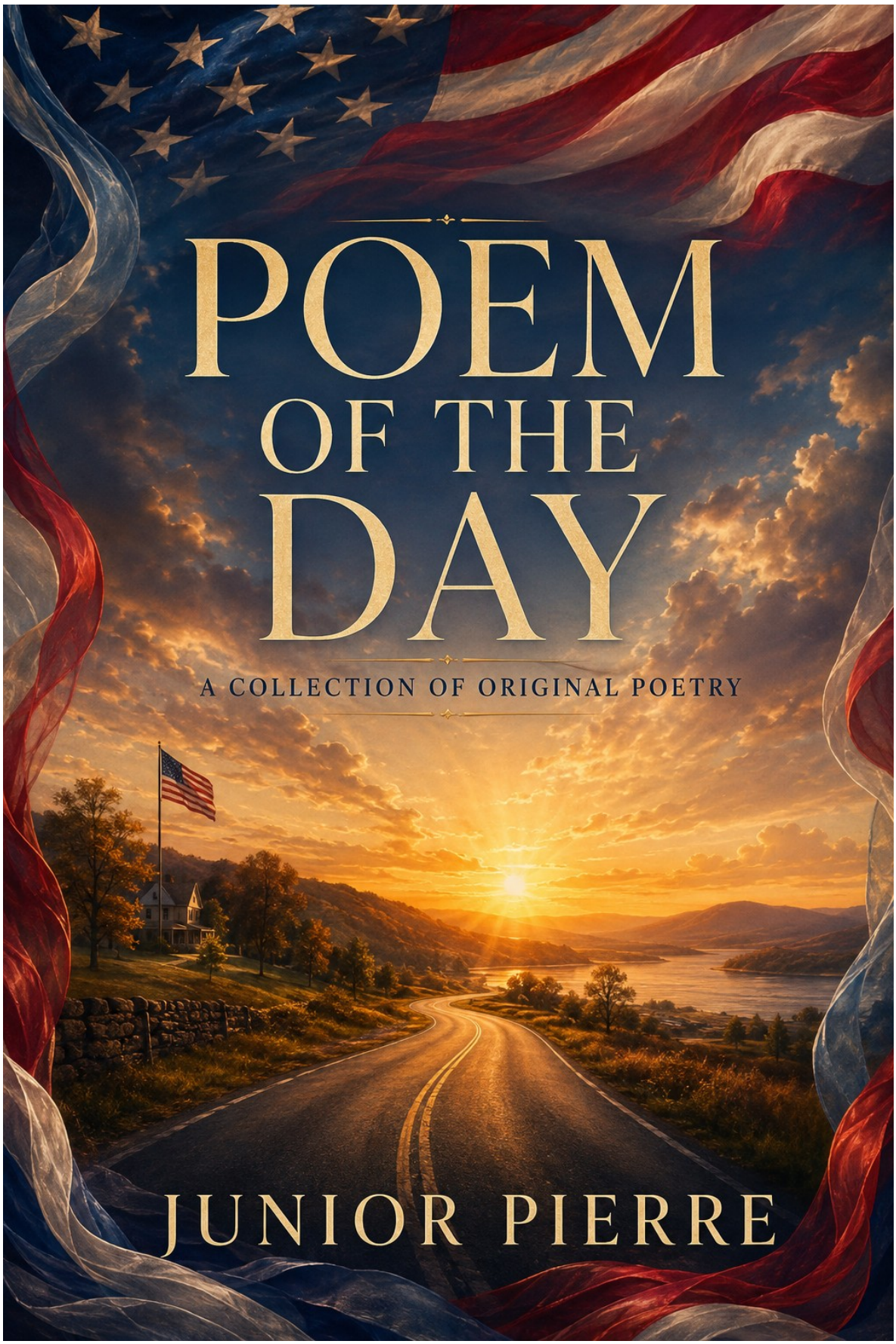
POEM
OF THE
DAY
A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POETRY
JUNIOR PIERRE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

01 A Call I Can’t Make 3

02 Heaven’s Parking Lot 4

03 The Red-Haired Enchantress 5

04 Dear My Love 6

05 War Is War 8

A Call I Can't Make

Today, I reached for the phone
to make a call
I can no longer make.

Your number still lives on my phone,
but your voice now lives
within my heart.

If your mother is still with you,
love her while you can.
Hold her close,
listen to her stories,
and call her often,
because time waits for no one.

Mom, I miss you
more deeply every day.
Your absence fills the silence,
but your love still surrounds me.

Until Allah brings us together again,
you will remain
the heartbeat of my prayers,
the light within my memories,
and the love
I will carry forever.

Author's Note

This poem was written while remembering my mother, who recently passed away. That morning, I felt the painful desire to call her, hear her voice, and ask how she was doing, only to remember that she was no longer here.

Every line comes from a place of deep love, grief, and remembrance. The poem is also a gentle reminder to those whose mothers are still living to cherish them, spend time with them, and call them often. One day, their voices may become precious memories carried forever in the heart.

Heaven's Parking Lot

Hey, may I park my car?
in your parking lot?
Perhaps I could lease a space
for a few beautiful years.

Don't worry,
I'm a careful driver.
I'll protect your heart
and handle your love with care.

Your parking lot is filled with hope,
wide enough for our dreams to grow.
Every corner holds a new surprise,
and every moment with you
brings a smile to my face.

The longer I stay,
the harder it becomes to leave.
Your presence feels peaceful,
like a place my wandering heart
has always been searching for.

Perhaps I was never truly
looking for a parking space.
Perhaps, after traveling for so long,
I was simply looking for you.

Heaven's Parking Lot,
where every journey finds its home,
every lonely road reaches its end,
and every loving heart
discovers a reason to stay.

Author Note:

The inspiration for *Heaven's Parking Lot* came from a playful conversation with an ex-girlfriend. During the conversation, the words, "I want to park my car in your

parking lot," made her smile and laugh over the phone. That lighthearted moment remained in my mind and eventually grew into this poem.

The Red-Haired Enchantress

Oh, mysterious lady, what is your name?
No, let it remain unspoken.
I shall call you Wild Spirit,
for no ordinary name could contain
the untamed fire you possess.

Perhaps you do not realize it yet,
but your crimson hair is a flame,
radiant, rebellious, and mesmerizing,
commanding every gaze in the room.

I tried to concentrate,
but even the weights became immovable.
From across the room,
you quietly dismantled my strength
without lifting a single finger.

I never imagined
that a woman's hair could captivate my mind,
invade my thoughts,
and place my restless soul
beneath its spell.

You held an inexplicable power over me
before our eyes ever met,
before a single word
passed between our lips.

Once again, what is your name,
my untamed angel?
No, please do not reveal it yet.
Allow the mystery to linger
for one intoxicating moment longer.

May I tell you something,
something no other man in this room
would possess the courage to confess?

You are alluring,
fearless,
seductive,
and magnificently wild.

Your scarlet hair summoned me,
and I crossed the room
to answer its irresistible call.

Now, may I have your number?
Place it gently in my phone,
and perhaps I will introduce you
to the wilderness within me,
the part of my spirit
that only a woman like you
could awaken.

Author Note:

This poem was inspired by a real encounter. One day, while exercising at the gym, I noticed a captivating woman with brilliant red hair standing among her friends. Her presence was magnetic, confident, radiant, and impossible to overlook. For several moments, I struggled to concentrate on my work out because her beauty had completely arrested my attention. She was as exquisite as finely aged wine, possessing an elegance that seemed to deepen with every glance. Eventually, I summoned the courage to cross the room and introduce myself. That unforgettable moment became the inspiration for this poem.

Dear My Love

Today is our day,
the day we begin our family,

a family founded on trust, loyalty,
faith, and devotion to God.
Our union is a blessing from Heaven.

Since the day I met you,
you have transformed my life.
You gave my existence meaning
and changed the person I once was.
You are an angel sent from above.

You gave my life purpose and direction.
I must confess,
I was not doing well before I met you.
I struggled to find my way.
I went to prison,
fought against law enforcement,
and failed to be a responsible citizen.
But when you entered my life,
you inspired me to become a better man.

I promise to remain loyal to you,
to love you, protect you,
and care for you forever.
No darkness or evil spirit
can corrupt my heart
or separate my soul from yours.
You are my life.

Now it is my time
to stand beside you and care for you.
Although you have lost both of your legs,
my love for you remains unshaken.
I will always cherish you,
remain faithful to you and only you,
provide for you,
and adore you with all my heart.

From this moment forward,
we are husband and wife,

two hearts united,
two lives joined as one.

Amen.

Author Note:

This poem is about two people united by faith and unconditional love. The man once lived a troubled life, but the woman's love inspired his transformation and gave him a new purpose. After she loses both of her legs, he promises that his devotion will never weaken. He vows to care for her, remain faithful, and honor their marriage for the rest of their lives.

War Is War

Since the beginning of time,
there have always been wars,
and conflict may continue
until the end of time.

The first battle began in Heaven,
between good and evil.
It continued through ancient Egypt
and remains in our world today.

War will always be war.
Power is never free,
and becoming a strong nation
requires courage and sacrifice.

Freedom also has a price.
It must be protected
with wisdom, unity, and strength.
America is a great nation
because its people believe in liberty.

America faces challenges
from many places around the world.

Even our allies may not always agree with us.
We, the people, must understand this.

We should support our leaders
when they do what is right
and respectfully speak up
when we believe they are wrong.
We may disagree with one another
without turning against our country.

Some may hope to see America fall,
but we will continue to stand.
We are not a perfect nation,
but we continue to learn, grow,
and place our trust in God.

This is not the time
to insult or divide one another.
It is time to come together,
combine our strength,
and work toward a peaceful future.

Together, we can overcome
the challenges before us.
Together, we can write
a better chapter of history,
today, tomorrow, and forever.

May America continue to lead
with courage, wisdom, and hope.

Author Note:

Our country deserves to be honored, cherished, and protected. America is a remarkable nation founded on liberty, courage, and opportunity. Although adversaries may exist both beyond and within our borders, fear, hatred, and division must never weaken our unity. As citizens, we must stand together against every form of danger, defend the values that define our nation, and work toward a stronger and more peaceful future.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF

BRIDGEBORN

BRIDGEBORN IS AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

Amazon • Barnes & Noble • Apple Books • Google Play Books

Hardcover • Paperback • eBook • Audiobook • Spanish Edition

JUNIOR PIERRE